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## Tudor Facsimile Texts.

### *JOHN THE EVANGELIST.*

<i>Supposed date of composition</i>	<i>bef. 1520.</i>
<i>Supposed date of only extant copy</i>	<i>c. 1565.</i>
<i>Reproduced</i> ....	<i>1907.</i>





# Tudor

## Facsimile Texts.

[vol. 58]



John the Evangelist.



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## JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

*This play was untraced in modern times until recently. It is one of the three "Lost" plays recovered in 1906, when at auction sale it was purchased for the British Museum for £102. The press mark in the catalogue is C. 34, i, 20. John Waley, the printer of this edition, was in business from 1546 to 1586; but apparently there was an earlier edition or version. In the "Day Book of John Dorne," an Oxford bookseller, there is recorded in 1520 the sale of "1 saint jon euangeliste en trelute 1 [d]" ("Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885.")*







Here begynneth the  
enterlude of Iohan  
the Euangelyst.











¶ Saynt Johan the Euangelyst.



Domine aine te omne desiderium meum  
Et genitus meus non est absconditus  
The sweetest lyfe souerayn in this world to soue  
Is to haue medytacyon of our lorde Iesus  
A very contemplatyue god / worshypped thus  
Wethyng in the soule / without any speche  
God tendeth ryght moze the prayer with the hert of vs  
Than the prayer of the mouth / the terte dothe teche  
In medytacyon who so hath foxence  
The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte  
That holyest fruytyon is of so hye intelligence  
As it rauyseth the soule in to a blessed deserte  
It seleth no erthly thyng vnto the tyme it reuerte  
Thus faced Magdaleyne whan Martha complayned  
Sht herde her not / in god her herte was so expette  
For the aungell at the sepulcre / loue so her constrayned  
The cause why I reherce you the holy medytacyon  
For it is myne exercyse expresse  
Who so wyll labour in this / must se his habytacyon  
Be solytary in soule / of great quyetnesse  
Therefore euer to the churche I do me dresse  
Rest / reuerence / and worshyp ther in Mulde be  
With cryng on Chryst / and our synnes confesse  
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

¶ Eugenio.

Qui cum deo patri / graunted by the pope  
A thousand foure hundred / and neuer a day lesse  
That hath herde this noble sermon / and thereon doth hope  
A pena et culpa / here I them relese  
Is it not pyte sucht a pulpet man to lese  
I praye you sy let vs here more of youre pope holynes

For me thynke I haue herde you pteche of this at Boules  
Jrldiffion. (crosse)

Whome call you pope holye.

Eugenio.

Suche a fooles as thou art that clappst euor in diuinite

Jrldiffion.

All bertues people to commende is my ppeostle.

Eugenio.

Chan is Caton false/and that he endytes

For he sayth (Nec te collaudas/nec te culpaberis ipse)

Great laudacions loueth these hypocrytes

(Qui se colaudat) &c.

No more to you at this tyme

But vnderstande you this latyne.

Jrldiffion.

See sy I trowe.

Eugenio.

Responde tunc domine doctor clericorum

But sy knowe you any lustes of cozum.

Jrldiffion.

Why for

Eugenio.

A felowe of myne was take with a Cuculorum

For a cupple hoxes he stole in an eueryngs.

Jrldiffion.

What wolde ye haue me do in that case.

Eugenio.

Susum corda for hym to syng

Ze shulde haue well why.

Jrldiffion.

I can not syng.

Eugenio.







**C**ho sye hulde but make a springe  
Under a perche/ lokyng vp towarde the skye.

↪ Frisollon.

**C**Withouth god be thy frende/ y same deeth shalt thou dye

↪ Eugenio.

**C**Mary I be shewe his herte that so can prophesye.

↪ Frisollon.

**C**What is thy name?

↪ Eugenio.

**C**I rede.

↪ Frisollon.

**C**Eugenio I trowe the same.

↪ Eugenio.

**C**A sye the deuyl stryke of thy hede  
Horelon who taught the so ryght to rede  
I trowe some yuell spyrite be within the.

↪ Frisollon.

**C**In the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called  
I feare thou wyte neuer come to that holy Dyone  
That with twelue pprecious stones is surely walled  
Full strypte is the waye thyder to gone  
And in to that castell entrynge is none  
Withoute thou acquaynte the with two porters before  
Hope is the fyrst/ and faythe the other one.

↪ Eugenio.

**C**Lo so gostely he prayeth euermore  
He dare not coughe your consience is so holy  
But I pray you shewe me before  
Which is the way to yonder castell ye prayse so greatelye.

↪ Frisollon.

**C**ouer the mede of mekenesse make thou the waye  
Chan to the pathe of pacence shalse thou passe

In to the lande of largenes holde for the laye  
And in the laue of besynesse loke thou not bak the  
Than measure in a marthe/a fayre maner halfe  
Beske there hardely/and abyde all nyghe.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Say that I wyll not by this lyghe  
But what callest thou this way.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Via recta / ledyng to lyfe  
So Dauid named it in his daye  
(Spes mea stetit in via recta)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Passeth all men by this tourneye.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Say/ and the more pytys verely I saye.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ What be they that goo that waye moste.

¶ Iustition.

¶ They that be enspyred with the holy gooste  
As innocentes and virgins.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Wary I knowe none suche in all this cosse.

¶ Iustition.

¶ They that goo thyder muste be (Gratia electi)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Why is there no other way but this.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Yes on the lefte syde another there is  
That is called (Via obliqua et via circularis)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ And whyder draweth this.

¶ Iustition.





**E**uen ryght to dethe  
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he flethe.

↪ Eugenio.

**S**y: who gothe that way so yll.

↪ Tristillon.

**A**ll they that worke th the deuels wyll  
Is (Omnes iniqui in circuitu simplici ambulantes)

↪ Eugenio.

**T**hou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrantes  
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

↪ Tristillon.

**S**yre scope and obbe I saye.

↪ Eugenio.

**T**han one can not faple where he go by nyghte o; daye  
But may a man go to the fletwes that waye  
At his pleasure yf he lyfte to playe.

↪ Tristillon.

**T**he bypyges men to the seete of rufull araye  
The lady of confuson lyeth therein  
That Babylons is called / He is the ende of all synne.

↪ Eugenio.

**W**hiche way coeth that countray.

↪ Tristillon.

**T**o an yle in the north I saye  
(Ab aquilone pandetur omne malum)

↪ Eugenio.

**T**hat is the fyft place that men shulde assaye  
Whether it be hedged o; walled.

↪ Tristillon.

**W**ith bowes and trees it is meruaylously paled  
There groweth the elders of enuye  
Staked with pryde full hye

And the byres of babbtyng with wrath wyethed aboute  
Full of flouthp hulshes and lecherous thornes bys  
With glotonous postes / and conetyle rayled throughout  
And at mylcheues gate many dothe in ronne.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ And where do they all become.

¶ Jerslyson.

¶ Downe to the dongron where the deuyl dwelleth  
Lucyfer that lothly loyde that is in bale bylles  
There is no vpon too / as Chyrl vs telleth  
All that may please and nothyng please / euer relesse  
There is froke / there is fyre  
Hope is loste and her desyre  
Where cast hath no recover  
Without pryde there is payne  
To caye for mercy it is in vayne  
For grace is gone for euer  
(*Prætorium in seculum suorum*)  
Ascendit in secula seculorum  
No thus hath losse wedded confusyon  
Lucifers daughter dampnacyon  
In hell to haue her praye  
(*Septem domitium peccati est mors*)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ In faryth that is a knauyl the way to walke  
Rowe a whyle of some mythe let vs talke  
For I forsake that passage.

¶ Jerslyson.

¶ Rowe farewell sy and haue good daye  
For I must goo another waye  
For get not my reasons sage.

¶ Eugenio.







**W**hat wyll ye goo your way  
 we haue done a fayre iourney to day  
 It is tyme for to be walkyng  
 For I am wery of your talkyng  
 No lye he spake full holyl  
 But yet I bethewe hym for all his clergy  
 He may well be called wittlesse for wyll  
 For I trowe his hayne is stedfast as a wyndemyl  
 But no we well remembred by bokes Amromes  
 I wolde haue a playster for all harmes  
 Some saye wenche to lye in myne armes  
 That wolde auoyde all stryues  
 It were to me / administrate nos  
 Et restaurate nos / also comfortate nos  
 Ye / and somtyme I wyll take mennes wyues  
 For cokolde makers hath meryer lyues  
 Than they that do all the coste  
 As to wedde at the churche doze / and there to be swoyne  
 Perhap her husband shulde haue an hoine  
 Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was boine  
 For all the loue is loste  
 Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt  
 And yet women do venter to breke it  
 For though theyr soules shulde lye in hell pyt  
 They wyll vse that sozr werke  
 And yf they so dye  
 Atropos cometh full sodenly  
 And o: they bewate full sly  
 He lederh them downe in the darke  
 The curtesye of Englande is ofte to kys  
 And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is  
 All yonge folke remembre this

Intentio subicit quenquam  
So great de lyte thou mayst haue therein  
That afoze god it is deedly synne  
But fare well / ponder cometh syr Wyllyam of trentem.

✠ S. Iohan the Euangelyste.

¶ That lord whiche is princypall  
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon  
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall  
After that ye do passe with dethes bylytacyon  
¶ His prince bynge you to that holy nacyon  
Where loue dothe dwell with virgynyte  
And to gyue you playne infyrmacyon  
¶ In that realme dwelleth the holy trynpte  
I am Iohan / that presently dothe apere  
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon  
And of my doctryne yt ys lyke to here  
¶ Noche can I shewe you of Chrystes incarnacyon  
And of his passyon / for verely I was there  
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hys on hys  
His mother and I stode there vnder  
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely  
And sawe Longes smyte his herte a sonder  
His lawes to the people wyll I preche  
And all that euer do folowe me in peace  
¶ The kyngdome of heuen theyr soules shall reche  
There haupng toye that neuer shall cease  
But now the trowe loue that we shulde to god owe  
¶ Gen gyueth it to rycheffe that is mutable  
Full soze they wyll it repente I trowe  
¶ That euer they were of mynde so vnsable







If any man wyll haue rycheſſe goodly  
I wyll haſtely agayne be here  
And therof he ſhall haue gladly  
At all tymes I wyll hym cheere  
My commynge bythere was for your furtheraunce  
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernaunce.  
Actio.

Howe mercy myght you be  
Who was that that called me  
So early to daye  
One reſyded me with a boile of water  
There was a ſhynde mater  
Whodawayd one to aſtaye  
It was ſome huane my brother  
Deſpyrewe hym and none other  
For that aſaye  
I was faſte a ſlepe  
Tyll I felte the wete  
Full wyll I laye  
We brake myne olde cuſtome  
For I wolde haue laye tyll noone  
And than haue ryſen to playe  
But nowe to the purpoſe  
For by the fayrthe that nowe gaſe  
I loue to goo gaye  
And with other mennes wyues  
What be wanton of lyues  
Oft do I ronne awaye  
And where ſo euer I go  
One good condyction haue I to  
I hſe neuer trouthe to ſaye  
Alſo I haue a great diſeaſe yf ye wyll me leaue

Even here syz in the bottom of my newe.

↪ Eugenio.

By god syz and I do laye a playster to your cote  
I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

↪ Actio.

Eugenio, fro whence come you.

↪ Eugenio.

Fro thence that ye were spoke of ryght now  
ye shall haue an offyce.

↪ Actio.

What is that I pray you tell me.

↪ Eugenio.

By my fayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys  
Therto ye be appoynted verely.

↪ Actio.

That the fyfte man that shall be hanged shall thou be  
for I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

↪ Eugenio.

May syz but herke what I shall the say  
Here was one late this same daye  
That dyspraysed rycheffe worldly  
He sayd he that dothe forsake prosperytie  
And take hym to wylfull pouerte  
He shall haue ioy eternally.

↪ Actio.

What was he?

↪ Eugenio.

A doctour as semed me  
He spake as holply  
As though god had ben his cosyne.

↪ Actio.

See but was he not myxed with hypocrisy.

↪ Eugenio.





**E** So man / he spake so goostly  
He had almoste chaunged my mode  
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode  
And than alke my selfe for charytie.

Actio.

**W**hy woldest thou haue ben so wytty  
Naye thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge  
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy self a beggynge  
For so wyll not I do yet trust me.

Eugenio.

**S**y he promest molte largely  
That I shulde in ioye lyue euer  
where I shall dye neuer  
Thus also he sayd verely  
That I shulde lele there no yll  
and haue all that I desyre wyll  
and ie god in his maiestie  
Also he promest me a greater hye  
That I shulde haue all thac I wolde desyre.

Actio.

**I** rede the laye that thought awaye  
For mayst thou not se all daye  
That they that bleth spozte and playe  
Lyue at ease meryly  
They haue mozte hertpest rest  
And fareth of the beste  
That thus spendeth thery lyues in solyte.

Eugenio.

**W**ell than my wytte I wyll renews  
For I trowe thou sayest full trewe  
yf I do it / and afterwarde rewe it  
As to gyue away my good

I trowe I shulde it forþynke  
Withouth a cuppe than myght I drynke  
For that purle that someneth not trynke  
His mayster weareth a thynde bare hode.

¶ Item.

Cee ye man / that is tsewe in dede  
But let vs go walke a space  
For yuell counsaile hyther wyll spede  
That person I trowe he be boyde of all grace.

¶ Eugenio.

Go we hence than in tyme  
Hastely we wyll come agayne  
For Johan wyll be here by pyne  
His sermonde wolde I here sayne.

¶ yuell counsaile.

By your leaue let me come nere  
What dothe all this company here  
Where after is your gappinge  
Byoure ladye a maystere I haue soughte nye and farre  
For sythe I came fro Rochester  
I haue spented all my tynnyng  
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Conentry  
For there knaues set me on the pplyer  
And threwe egges at my hede  
So soze that my nose dyd blede  
Of whyte wyne galons thurty  
Sometyme in London dyd I dwell  
I was prentyle with yuell counsell  
And so men calleth me  
I hope agayne to go thyder  
If sommer were come and saye wether  
And lyue full merely







I haue sought Englande thoroowe and thoroowe  
Village / towne / cytie / and bozowe  
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am  
As yll tongued churles / and many a proude gentyll man  
That threubly roundeth many a pyttell  
Whan they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whpftell  
Of maters partaynyng to Venus actes  
With fayre flaterynge wordes and pretty knackes  
Both men and women they byrnye to lechery  
Through me yuell counsaile to lyue in aduoutry  
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent  
Westmynster / saynt Katheryns / and in vnthyrftes rent  
There I rested very lately  
Nowe sayne wolde I haue amayster  
That wolde do by my counsell  
For though he spende and be a waster  
To get money I can teache hym the crafte well.

¶ Ibelnesse.

What art thou tell me that spekeith this.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

Mary sy; a man that wolde haue a seruyce  
Great nede haue I therto.

¶ Ibelnesse.

Why what seruyce canst thou do.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

Bothe steale and lye / and on your erande go  
To sette an other mannes wyfe to your bedde.

¶ Ibelnesse.

But I of suche thynges may be spedde  
I am gladde that we be met.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

In Englande shall nothing me let

With you will I hyde for euer  
But mayster haue ye any wyfe;

Idelnesse.

Cee mo than. xrb. by my lyfe  
But some other men kepeth them for me.

Fuell counsayll.

Charys; no force / it costeth you the lesse money  
But you haue good chere whan you come.

Idelnesse.

Cee at meat I am mery / and at bed yf I lyfte too playe.

Fuell counsayle.

Chan theyr husbandes be out of the waye  
Or els ye come not there.

Idelnesse.

CJes yes dayly / and make good chere  
And not spyed at all / I haue suche polesy.

Fuell counsayle.

CJ am gladde that ye be so wytty  
And sy; yf you will haue a freshe lusty trull  
I will get her you. or a huswyfe that can spyn a pounde  
(of woll

Idelnesse.

Chan will we drynke wyne at the full  
In one place yf thou canste helpe me.

Fuell counsayle.

CJ pray you tell me what is she.

Idelnesse.

CAn artpyccers wyfe / a pety woman.

Fuell counsayle.

CSy; I will goo to my brother temptacion  
And than to wanton youthe I will make a stacyon  
For bytwene vs thre  
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.





¶ Iohnelle.

**C**hall I go with you also.

¶ euell counsaile.

**C**ue syz and it please y<sup>e</sup>u so to do  
Howe say you / haue not they mery lyues  
That map hyde and balle other mennes wyues  
No touth is full of islyte  
But whan sawe you your brother sensualye.

¶ Iohnelle.

**C**syz I leste hym on the playne of Salybyze  
He tolde me that he wolde lyfe  
Some good felowe from his thyfte  
And as I trowe somewhat he wyl gette  
To make with the peny  
Many one for they good do labour and sweete  
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lightly.

¶ euell counsaile.

**C**syz he dyd me a greude turne as I you tell.

¶ Iohnelle.

**C**I pray the shewe me howe it befell.

¶ euell counsaile.

**C**The laste daye syz I wyfte  
The puttocke that he ware on his syde  
Wolde haue trode my henne  
And by I caught a rottocke  
And byt hym on the buttocke  
That there laye in a thenne.

¶ Iohnelle.

**C**Wherby knowest thou that it was he.

¶ euell counsaile.

**C**for he had a bell aboute his hys  
And therby yche hym knewe.

I dyd hym holde in the wynde  
Tyll at the laste he had his mynde  
God gyue hym an yll petoe.

¶ Iohel nelle.

¶ And what meate dyd thou gyue hym  
Say on hardely.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

¶ I saye a fayre pecce of baken  
And a blacke bolle full of barley.

¶ Iohel nelle.

¶ By Iesu this is a gentyll meate for a hawke  
To kepe byrdes thou art very connyng  
Thy thyrstee I trowe is layde a sonnyng  
But tell me nowe where is thy moonyng.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

¶ By at the stowes is my mooste abydyng  
Otherwyle goyng / and somtyme rydyng  
And yf the grounde be upper and abyng  
In saythe I fall downe mostelyng.

¶ Iohel nelle.

¶ That some pleasure than there arees  
Betwene your heed bytwene your eeres.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

¶ May syt it shall be yours and theirs  
For whan a man hath knowe  
Let hym parte with his neyghbours.

¶ Iohel nelle.

¶ It is thy destiny I trowe  
For to be cladded all in briers  
And ryde the horse with four eeres.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

¶ May syt not alsoe yours







For I loue yll so waltes  
I ryde in a saddell / but ye shall ryde in a halter.  
¶ I deliuer.

In good faythe knaue thou shalt beare me a stryke.  
¶ I well counsaile.

And thou shalt haue another an I can hye the a ryght.  
¶ I deliuer.

Why smytest thou not / come of.  
¶ I well counsaile.

May I trowe ye do but skoffe  
But I wolde not for an hundred pounde fyghte with the.  
¶ I deliuer.

Why so tell me.  
¶ I well counsaile.

For I neuer fought with man but he dyde  
And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde.  
¶ I deliuer.

May I had leuer thou were tyde  
Thou arte as manly as yll cheynge  
Thou were a good bolde felowe to go a cheynge.  
¶ I well counsaile.

Well let vs go to brynnynges a whyle hence.  
And let some other kepe relydence  
For I dare laye theron .xl. pence  
We shall haue a sermon of ryght.  
¶ I deliuer.

I trowe that he wyll come hyther  
That layde fyrst In pryncipio togyther.  
¶ I mbe.

Go we / for we two wyll go thyder  
There as we wyll make mery by this lyyde.  
¶ I do.

As for I haue ben longe a waye

C. ii.

**I** sayd I wolde se you by the lyght dayes?

¶ **Eugenio.**

**T**here hath be a fayre araye  
w<sup>h</sup>ere we to haue be  
There was layeng of the lawe  
And all was not worthe a newe strawe  
So god helpe me.

¶ **Actio.**

**C**sy I sawe the wenche that dyde youre necke clawe  
That bare in her hande a gay gewgawe  
We thought it was lyke a pawe  
Of a whyrnyng  
She helde me with a tale of tye mary tally  
Till my thyfte was gone as quyte as a dally  
God wote it is a nyce thyng.

¶ **Eugenio**

**P**ease man/ye shall here a sermon/sayon  
Of the egle that ryseth full hye  
If he do here thy exclamacyon  
He wyll make the to flye.

¶ **Actio.**

**N**ot in a stryng I crowe  
Peace for he is come nowe.

¶ **Johan the Euangelyst.**

**C**ome men vnkynde wretched and mortall  
Hearken to this perable that I shall tell.

¶ **Eugenio.**

**T**he veryng therof gyue you I shall.

¶ **Actio.**

**A**nd I to do by your counsaile yf ye saye well.

¶ **Jehan the Euangelyst.**

**C**ome I begynne/gyue good audienes





Two men attended ones to a temple to praye  
A heyr conuerſacyon hauynge great differences  
It was the Pharyſien and the publican I ſaye  
Two enſamples by them perceyue we maye  
The great pryde of the Pharyſeie  
Oher mennes fautes he diſplayed aye  
And his owne counſayle hyd vnder falle hewe  
In the publicans prayers there was than  
A great excellence of mekenesse  
He diſpyed hymſelfe a wretched man  
Thynkyng eche creature excuded hym in goodenesse  
His fautes he dyd confeſſe  
With great ioye for his tranſgreſſyon  
And in the pharyſes prayer dyd expreſſe  
Of full pryde and aduſacyon  
He prayde not / but prayled hymſelfe there  
Standyng vpryght with a pecte face  
The maſſe begynneth with Confiteor  
And endeth with Deo gratias  
Eyn the reuers he dyd in this caſe  
There the maſſe endeth he beganne proudly  
Makynge no confeſſion of his treſpas  
But ſayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)  
In than he thanked god he was not to blame  
But in that he thanked hym not with verie mekenesse  
The ſpores of ſynne he reherſed by name  
In whiche all ſynnes be comprehended expreſſe  
By rauynours is vnderſtande couetpyſe  
In vnryghtfull to ſay pryde of hym than  
In auoury / all lechery that men can reherce  
And thus he excuſed hym ſelfe / & ſclaundryed the publican  
C.iii.

I pay my fythes he sayd also  
And so he dyd/ but not of the beste  
In that Cayme he was lyke to  
For he fythed alway of the worst  
Twyls in the weke he sayd he dyd faste  
To meate and drynke he dyd/ but not fro debelye synne  
And that is the faste that pleaseth god beste  
But therat hypocrytes wyll not begynne  
A gayne god he synned greuously  
In that he iustified hym selfe so  
And his euen Christen sclaundering malyciously  
(Tu testimonium perhiberis de teipso)  
(Et testimonium tuum non est verum) I say so  
Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde  
From the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so  
There Lucifer is falls so; his pryde  
The gospel sayd/ who doth hys hym shall be owe  
All they that praysech them selfe do synne be you sure  
And so you cursed men do your cure  
For by goddes iugement  
If ye forsake not your synne be you sure  
Ye ou go to hell/ Wherfore repente.

¶ Ambo.

Take god mercy for myne offence  
My wycked lyfe I do desyre.

¶ Eugenio.

Also I am soyr of my neglygence  
Your destryns I wyll solowe full mekely.

S. Johan the Euangelyste.

This sample god sayth vs to  
That we shulde consyder it wysely  
Who demeth hym selfe good/ is ferre there fro  
And he that thynerth hymselfe synfullest is blyssed hardly







Ohyne noke that youte purpose was lette cursedlye  
 In synne thus to lede lyues vayne  
 Under colour of bestue / demyng your selfe good  
 You and all they that it dorhe sustayne  
 We wolde than the pharyley / wennes lawes are woode  
 Remembre this for the reuerence of hym y dyed on roode  
 And to the lawes of the churche abyde every man  
 And ye shall be parteners of Chykses precyous bloode  
 And blessed of god as was the pnblycan  
 Thus yf ye wyll be sadfaste and trewe  
 Jesu wyll than with his grace you renewe  
 To that lordes blyss ye shall come all a  
 Qui uiuit per infinita seculorum secula. Amen.



\* fms. \*



Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Johan  
 the Euangelyste. Imprinted at London  
 in foster lane by John Waley.













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John the Evangelist  
John the Evangelist

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